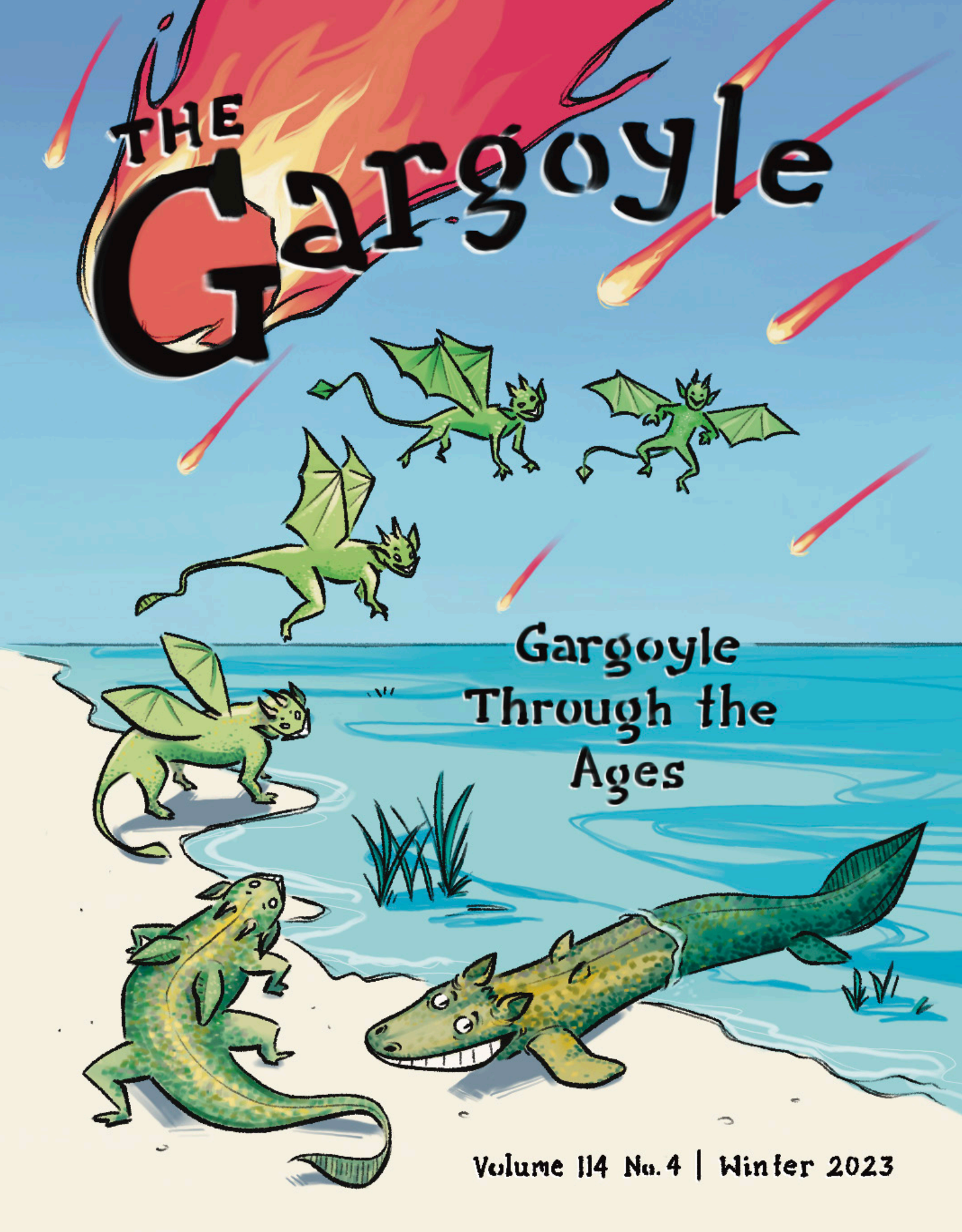
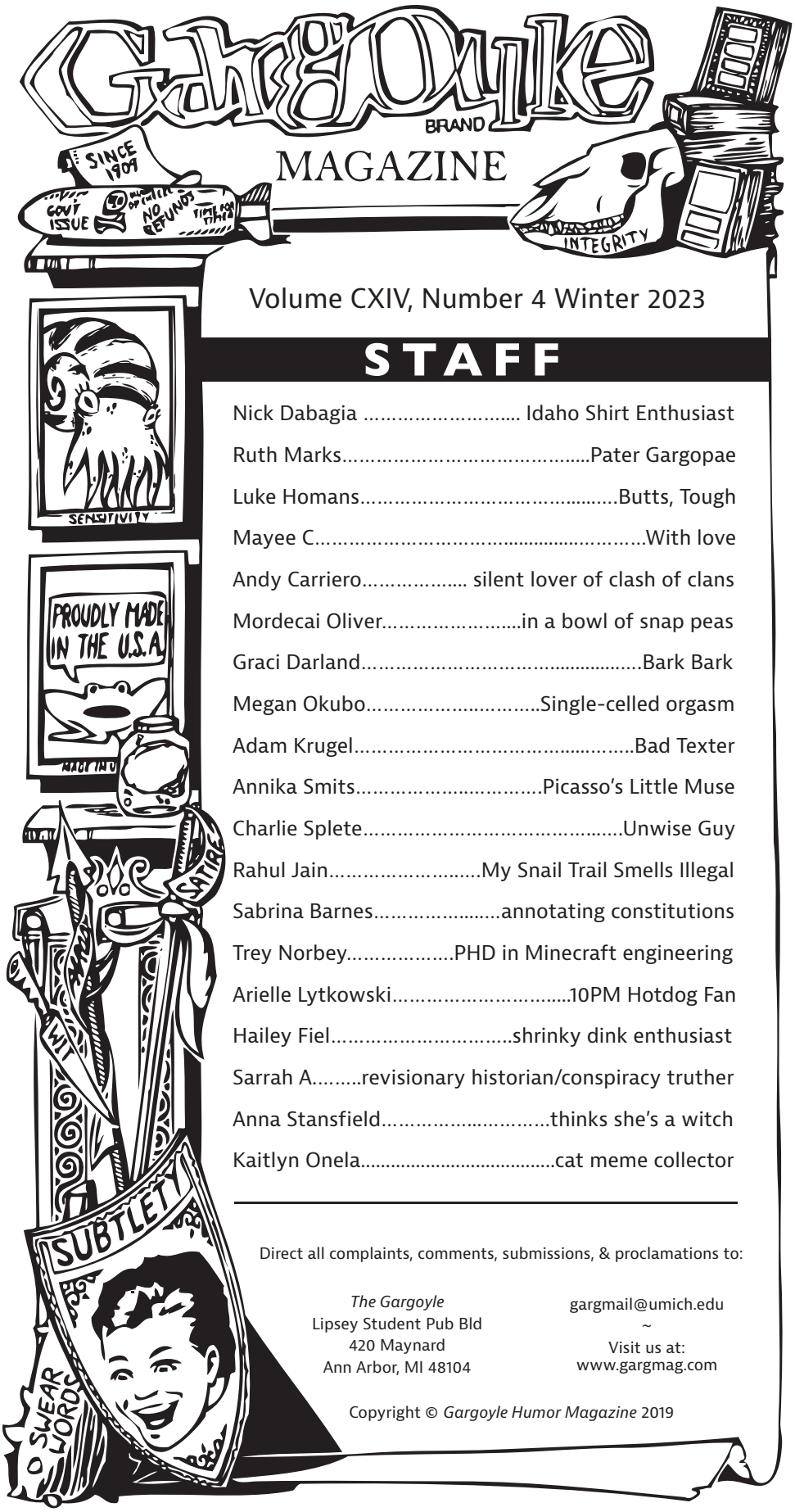
THE Gargoyle



Gargoyle Through the Ages

Volume 114 No. 4 | Winter 2023



Volume CXIV, Number 4 Winter 2023

STAFF

Nick Dabagia ..... Idaho Shirt Enthusiast

Ruth Marks.....Pater Gargopae

Luke Homans.....Butts, Tough

Mayee C.....With love

Andy Carriero..... silent lover of clash of clans

Mordecai Oliver.....in a bowl of snap peas

Graci Darland.....Bark Bark

Megan Okubo.....Single-celled orgasm

Adam Krugel.....Bad Texter

Annika Smits.....Picasso's Little Muse

Charlie Splete.....Unwise Guy

Rahul Jain.....My Snail Trail Smells Illegal

Sabrina Barnes.....annotating constitutions

Trey Norbey.....PHD in Minecraft engineering

Arielle Lytkowski.....10PM Hotdog Fan

Hailey Fiel.....shrinky dink enthusiast

Sarrah A.....revisionary historian/conspiracy truther

Anna Stansfield.....thinks she's a witch

Kaitlyn Onela.....cat meme collector

Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, & proclamations to:

The Gargoyle
Lipsey Student Pub Bld
420 Maynard
Ann Arbor, MI 48104

gargmail@umich.edu
~
Visit us at:
www.gargmag.com

Copyright © *Gargoyle Humor Magazine* 2019

Table of Contents

1. Ooga

2. Booga

3. Dawn of Time

4. Neolithic!

5. The Oligarchs

6. Garg Hates Imperials

7. OK Goody Proctor

8. One Time Only...

9. Exhibition des Gargs!

10. Alright Old Sport

11. "Not a Crook"

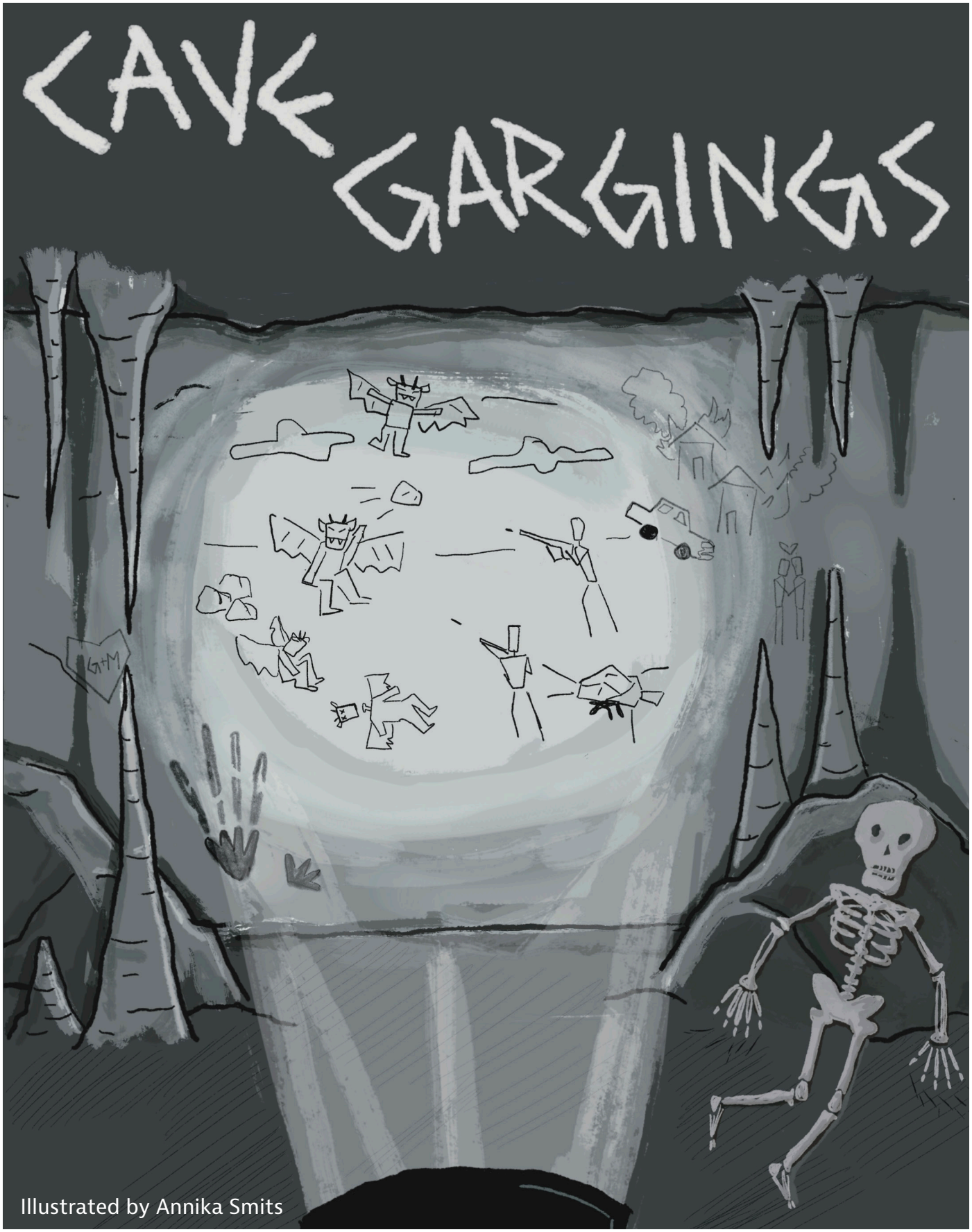
12. Politics

13. Arson in AA

14. R.I.P.

15. In Memoriam

16. Beep Boop


CAVE GARGINGS
G+M
Illustrated by Annika Smits

Moses and the Burning Bush

by Sabrina Barnes

Anonymous Account of Pompeii's Strangest Fossil:

Pompeii: revered for cuisine, brothels, and cuisine-filled brothels, was historically plundered by its throbbing volcano. As the death guzzler seethed, a strange green being gazed upon a schlong carved into the wall; a massive member stretching out like an arm from a man's pelvic region. This appendage was a weakness. A true man's member must be quaint, as a mere finger, yet capable of great magic.

The green being himself did not know how his member measured up against this artwork. Nothing in the world enticed his phallus to reach its full potential. But as the volcano's ooze painted the land in shades of fiery red and impregnable purples, his focus shifted upon hearing the shrill screams of incinerating citizens. The sounds coupled with the smell of roasting flesh entranced him. How could destruction be so seductive?

The cock dragon looked down at his nether regions to find his phallus being awakened from its eternal slumber! He swiftly compared his newly empowered finger to the mural before him. The man's pelvis in the painting wielded a curved sword no armory would accept, but the cock dragon's pelvis harbored the most adorable of daggers. His flesh cannon was puny and weak, just like the phalluses of brave warriors!

He looked again at the doom engulfing his adoptive village and shut his eyes. He grabbed his member and imagined the nightly actions of his neighbors. He listened to the lava's crawling, the pleasant blood-curdling screams, and the pattering of desperate footsteps. These sensations kindled his mind as nothing has ever before. He increasingly shuttled his phallus as he raced towards death that awaited him.

The lava encased his body. It soaked the mural, the schlong depiction becoming disfigured beyond comprehension. The green being continued shuttling until he could no more. As the lava cooled to obsidian, cracks outlined a spot of the freshly formed rock where the green being was fossilized. It was sticky.

Illustrated by Graci Darland

The Life of a Conqueror

by Arielle Lytkowski

The fearful, mighty, and altogether badass Genghis Khan is still striking fear into the hearts of millions and inspiring future conquerors everywhere. While Genghis' escapades are well known, a lesser known fact is that that Gargoyle themself was actually the mighty Khan! If you're looking for a role model to lead you in a life of hedonism and bloodshed—you're in luck—we've got a newly found diary entry from the Khan himself describing his daily life.

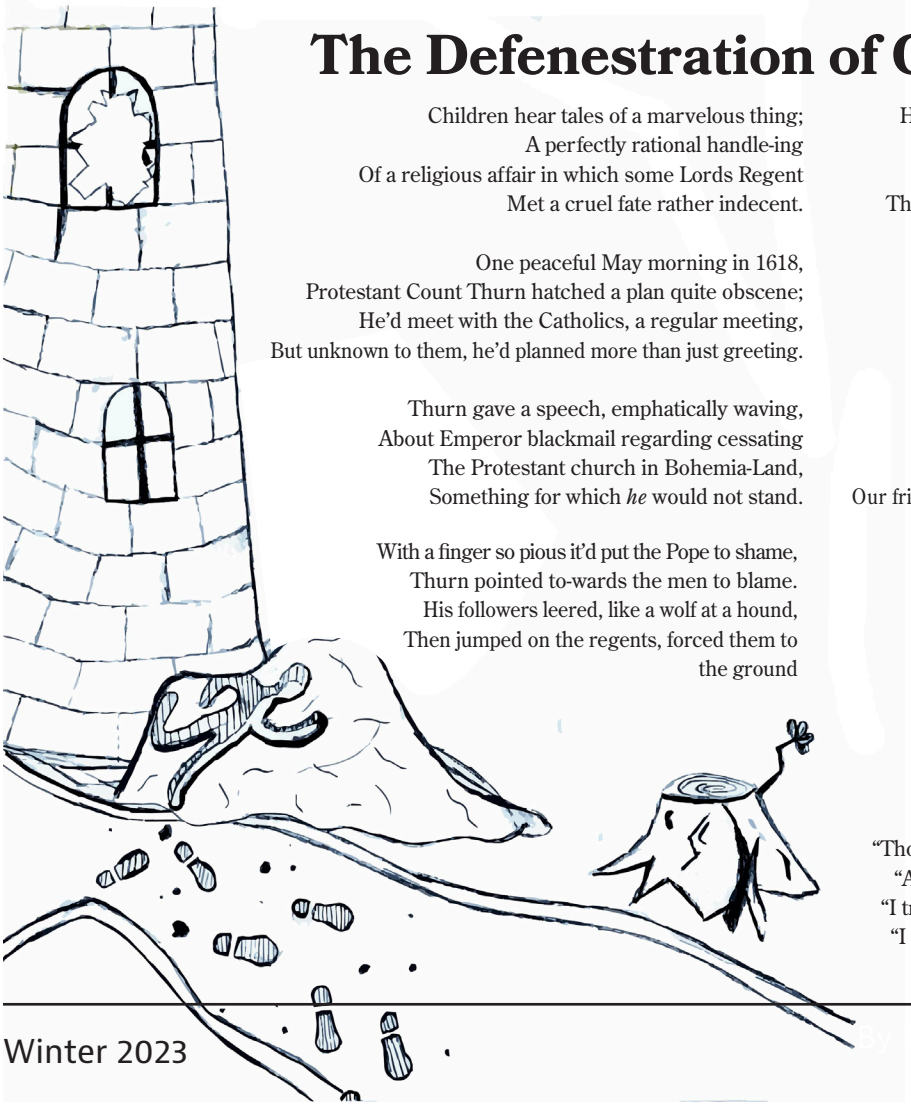
Right off the bat I start every day by waking up. If I wasn't murdered in my sleep I'd consider it a good night's rest. Then, it's the breakfast of champions: whole hens and wine from bulls horns. To keep up a physique like mine you need like a shit-ton of protein. Once I'm thoroughly stuffed—boom—time for my morning orgy with the wives to really get the blood and testosterone pumping. Feeling ready to take on the world, I check the plains to see if there's a horse or two I can tame, since you can never have too many. Around midmorning, my council always tries to get me to go to these "war meetings" that completely blow. I usually say fuck that and get straight to the conquering part.

With another random village under my mighty rule, I pick out my favorites of the conquered hotties to join my hoard of concubines. This is usually a satisfying end to a victory, but, to really top it off, I like to take a nice steamy bath in the blood of my fallen enemies. It does absolute wonders to brighten your skin.

Thoroughly exhausted from my completely sweet victory, I have a dinner complete with no less than four mutton chops, freshly butchered horse steaks, a few quail eggs, and an endless flow of wine, of course..

To wind down my day I like to relax with yet another orgy, but this time double the size of the morning one. Some concubines, the wives, a few of my most trusted advisors, maybe a wooden or two to pass around for good use. A great time to be had by all, really.

The post-nut bliss is pretty nice but, unfortunately, doesn't always stay. So right before bed, I sometimes get stuck in this rut of brooding over some pretty conflicted feelings about my father which are definitely NOT daddy-issues no matter what Subotai the Valiant says. When this happens –which isn't a lot, I'm serious– I raise the spirits with a good quickie. Fucked out and emotionally sated enough to fall asleep, I get a good rest in my stash of exotic furs.



The Defenestration of Gargue

by Luke Homans

Children hear tales of a marvelous thing;
A perfectly rational handle-ing
Of a religious affair in which some Lords Regent
Met a cruel fate rather indecent.

One peaceful May morning in 1618,
Protestant Count Thurn hatched a plan quite obscene;
He'd meet with the Catholics, a regular meeting,
But unknown to them, he'd planned more than just greeting.

Thurn gave a speech, emphatically waving,
About Emperor blackmail regarding cessating
The Protestant church in Bohemia-Land,
Something for which *he* would not stand.

With a finger so pious it'd put the Pope to shame,
Thurn pointed to-wards the men to blame.
His followers leered, like a wolf at a hound,
Then jumped on the regents, forced them to the ground

He turned and smirked at his Protestant colleagues,
"We'd love to keep 'em alive… but sorry."
So to the top window the poor sops paraded,
They pleaded and cried, but Thurn weren't persuaded.

The two Catholic regents, plus secretary,
Trembled afoot the insurrectionaries.
They said their last words, crossed hearts to God,
And then Thurn gave his cronies a nod.

So tumbling, flailing, head over teats
Went Count Jaroslav Graf Borzita von Martinitz.
No time to waste, soon followed that buffon,
Our friend Wilhelm Slawata und Koschumberk von Chlum!

Dusting off his hands, Thurn was elated,
"All of our problems have surely abated!"
He left the Chancellory in a rather high spirit,
Knowing God's love he carried out, near it.

Cut short, no doubt, was Thurn's elation,
Upon spying a large mound of defecation,
'Neath the window, seventy feet high,
With a large dent, but no corpses nigh.

"Those dweebs survived," Thurn screamed in anguish,
"And their religion is foreign, like the Norse language!"
"I tried diplomacy," cried the Count, shaking his head,
"I guess we'll have to go to war for 30 years, instead."

Garg Kills Colombus

By Rahul Jain

Christopher slipped in a pool of mud the second he stepped foot in Middle America. He even squealed in the process. Most strikingly, it was all out of joy because Christopher was a pig in every sense.

The Spanish Monarchs never intended on invading a distant continent. Before we started sending monkeys to space, royalty was sending pigs across the ocean. Christopher was actually the fourth pig they sent because, as it turns out, straw, sticks, and bricks are not great for building ships. They finally settled on lumber, and Chris led a successful journey.

It is said that he gave his crew members free doubloons and hefty meals. Although most pigs would never give away their money, Christopher mistook the coins for chocolate. To be fair, he was eating them all along. The excessive meals led to shortages down the line, and Chris was soon alone on his ship.

For the remaining months of his trip, Chris danced to the songs of sirens during the day (it's against their rules to kill pigs), and played chess with the Leviathan at night (they moved the pieces with their noses). He was arguably the greatest sea captain in history. Unfortunately, his time on land would be cut short.

The world now understands that Christopher did not discover America. People had been thriving there for centuries, and the Garg often visited to learn new cooking techniques. The Garg just so happened to be snacking on seashells on the beach when Chris jumped down from his ship, and he immediately recognized the ship's flag. Oh, how he loved the taste of Spanish pigs. He excited himself thinking about the technique he had just learned: something about spitting on the animal before roasting it.

After rolling in that fateful mud pool, Chris looked up to see the Garg hovering over him, licking his lips. He had a torch in his left hand and a jar of saliva in the other, with a bib tucked gently across his neck. It was the end for Chris, and he didn't even know it. Today, one can still find Chris's four muddy little boots on the coast of Honduras.

Christopher Columbus sailed the ocean blue, which is quite impressive for a pig with shoes. For some reason, people instead want to remember the year.

The Garg's 15 Theses

By Mordecai Oliver

On March 17, 2023, The Gargoyle nailed their 15 theses on the door of the Stanford-Lipsey Building of Student Publications.

1. This is a declaration of war against Every Three Weekly. We are far superior in every conceivable fashion.

2. Cocaine Bear is the greatest film of all time. We will not stand for Cocaine Bear slander from the Michigan "Babies".

3. Panera should just give up and give us free drinks anyways. No one wants to pay for shitty, overpriced coffee.

4. Gargoyle writers should be able to egg the houses of Michigan Daily sports columnists without legal repercussions.

5. The United States should offer free mental health services to those who choose to listen to two-hour Morgan Wallen albums.

6. Gargoyle writers should not have to infiltrate the Daily offices to receive scholarships.

7. Stream Rebecca Black's new album, Let Her Burn.

8. The gendered issue was our idea first, "SHEI Magazine."

9. The NFL should not force pregnant women to sing in front of 113 million people.

10. Someone should tell Trey that the Replacements are better than REM.

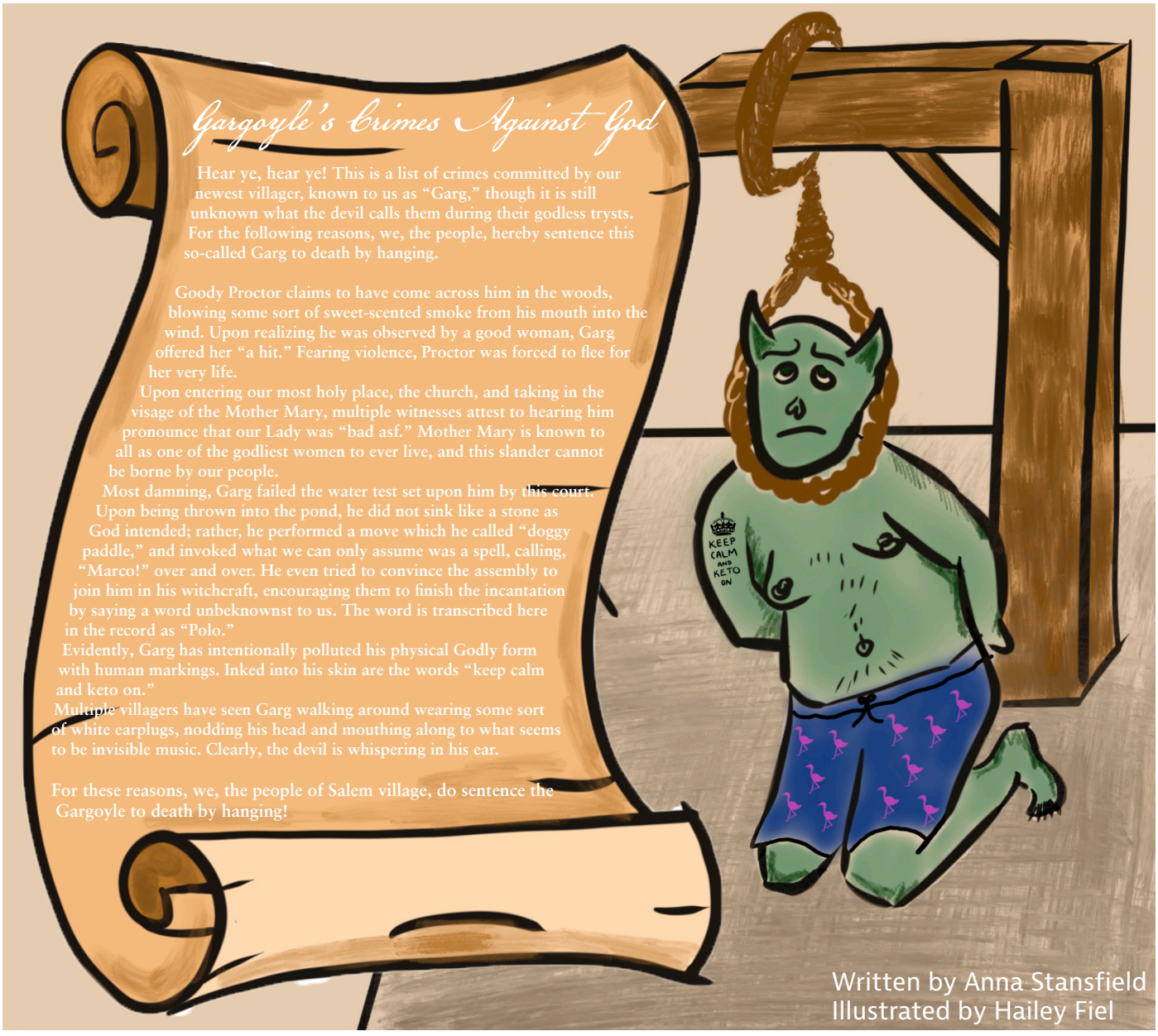
11. Violent Night is a holiday classic and more of you should appreciate David Harbour's masterclass performance as Santa Claus.

12. Any publication on campus with a "sex issue" should get that checked out.

13. Every Three Weekly writers need to take more frequent showers. One every three weeks isn't enough.

14. The police need to stop interrogating me about the body in my basement, I did not put it there and I'm sick of getting blamed for it.

15. There is no 15th thesis, the ETW just needs to be funnier. I'm running out of things to pick on.



The Declaration of Independence

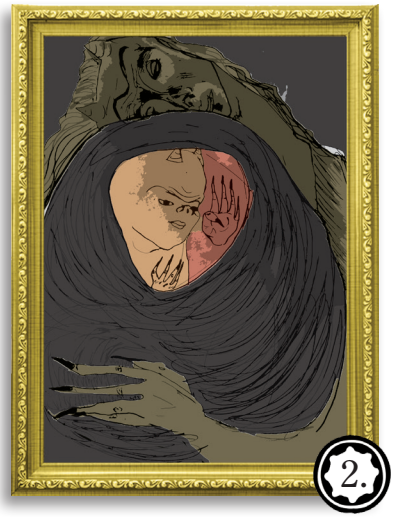
By Sabrina Barnes

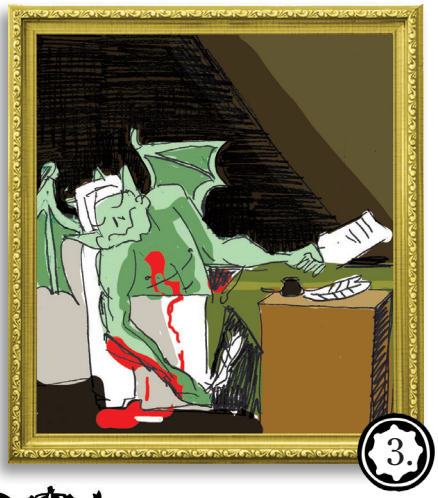
Thomas Jefferson is largely credited for writing the Declaration of Independence in 1776—the front of it, at least. Rumor has it that when the sluttiest founding father wasn't hunched over that mildewing parchment like the grim reaper, the Gargoyle himself was shaping history. With ill-conceived ink, Gargoyle left a map on the back of the Declaration.

The map is a code – the first step in a wild goose chase of climbing and vandalizing historic monuments in search of finding a great treasure. A National Treasure, if you will. But what is it? Freemason gold? The 18 missing minutes of the Watergate tapes? The pizazz absent from that damn document in the first place? No one is certain, but that hasn't stopped chaos from ensuing – chaos which can only be described as treasonous geocaching for history brats.

Most importantly, Garg's single-handed perpetuation of the map's lore has transformed a swath of bored 10th graders into die-hard, anti-government conspiracy theorists. The newly inquisitive scoundrels won't stop trying to badger their high school civics teachers into submission.

1.


2.


3.

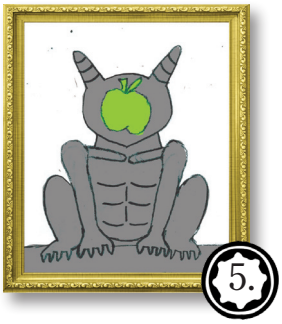
Salon des Gargs

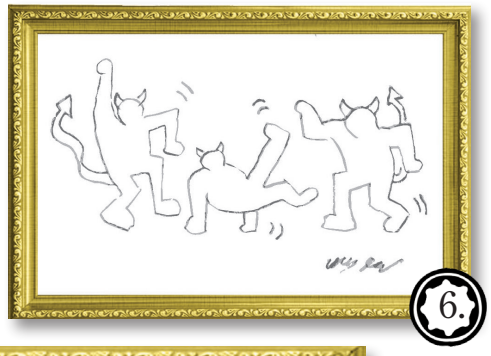
A collaborative exhibition
by the Gargoyle Staff

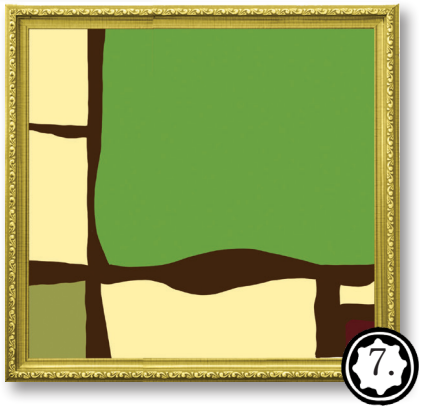
8.

9.

1. Garg Scream, Megan O.
2. Dead Garg Mother, Arielle L.
3. Death of Gargat, Ruth M.
4. Creation of Garg, Andy C.
5. Son of Garg, Trey N.
6. Keith Garging, Charlie S.
7. Composition with Garg, Annika S.
8. Emperor Garglemagne, Ruth M.
9. Les Gargoiselles de Gargignon, Annika S.
10. Garg with a Pearl Earring, Arielle L.
11. Gargoleon Crossing the Alps, Kaitlyn O.







Bootlegger Garg

By Charlie Splete

The following is the last known communication between infamous alcohol smuggler Gargsy "The Garg" Malone and his well known bootlegger associate George Remus. The letter is unedited and may include vocabulary unfamiliar to the modern reader.

June 11, 1923.

Listen here Georgie,

That last graft I did for ya was a trip for biscuits, see? Your "colleague" I made the booze run with had me behind the eight-ball when he made me drive the getaway jalopy! You know darn tootin' I don't have a license to drive a boiler! You tryin' to flimflam me so I can get caught by the elephant ears and locked in the hoosegow? I won't stand for that, or any more of this applesauce, horsefeathers, and complete hooey!

I realize now that this hooch biz isn't for me. I'm takin' my cut of the cabbage outta here! My breezer too! That's right, I'm turning in my glad rags and roscoes to be a right gee; a real wise head. A man's gotta flap his wings and spread his scales some time in his life, savvy? And Bo, don't be gettin' the heebie-jeebies about me rattin' you out; I'm all clammed up. As much as that Capone mug would've liked to see me in a Chicago overcoat, this Garg ain't gettin' zotzed so easy!

See you in the caboose, you old hep egg!

Cordially and nastily yours,

The Garg

A Message from Arthur Miller

By Trey Norbey

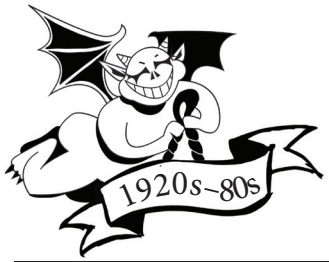
New message _ X

Dear University of Michigan student body,

It has recently come to my attention that, as of late, there has been a shocking lack of class and decorum in the once-great Gargoyle humor magazine. I was asked by the Gargoyle himself to visit you in your time and share some of the musings only I, Arthur Miller (esteemed playwright and ex-lover of world-renowned blonde bombshell Marilyn Monroe) can provide, in order to remind the modern populace of what true comedy is. Here's a great one that's sure to get a laugh wherever you go: "A jumper cable walks into a bar. The bartender says, 'I'll serve you, but don't start anything!'" That's an Arthur Miller original, and you can use it free of charge. Now, I know the younger generation likes a bit of edge to their humor, maybe something a bit politically incorrect even, so here's a fun one that really pushes the envelope: "Two fish swim into a concrete wall. One turns to the other and says, 'Dam!'" Ah, gets me every time, and it's sure to ruffle the feathers of those uptight family members of yours. Alright, alright, if you insist, I'll leave you with one more, but I really must be going. "A man walks into a bar with a slab of asphalt under his arm. He says to the bartender, 'A beer, please. And one for the road!"

Sincerely,
Arthur Miller

Send



Inside Deep Throat: America's Most Heroic Mouth

by Sarrah A.

In 1972, the Democratic National Committee offices at Watergate, now home to a CutCo call center, were broken into by a ring of Republican operatives. The conspiracy was covered up by then Criminal in Chief, Richard Nixon, who set the bar—which has since been axed and buried—for American political scandals. However, we owe our knowledge of the event solely to the man they call Deep Throat. Until today, we have been led to believe that this unsung hero was former FBI Agent Mark Felt, who confessed to the identity after developing severe dementia. Who would have ever considered we got it wrong? The thought never crossed our minds until we received a rather damning and unusually sticky letter from the man who claims to be the real lippy linus who exposed Dick Nixon. Was Felt shafting the real hero? To uncover the truth we had to go deeper. Throat deeper, if you will. The alleged tattle tale, who writes that he'd prefer to go by "Knobbly Gobbly," agreed to share the following information under the conditions that we tell you he is "114 years young, single, better in person, and 3'8", if that matters." His correspondence details that he was a part of a special FBI department in the 70s called the Office of Reporting All Lies (ORAL), where he routinely serviced high profile government actors. We followed up via carrier pigeon (Mr. Gobbly's preferred medium of communication) to ask what he meant by this, but only received the explanation that it was a "mind blowing" experience. Furthermore, he tells us that he witnessed the robbery at the Watergate, as he was there for an ORAL meeting that he mistakenly thought was that night. With his own eyes, Mr. Gobbly saw the 5 men taking turns trying to use a paperclip to gain entrance into the DNC. Eventually they realized the door was, in fact, unlocked; yet trouble remained afoot once they realized their police radio scanner was actually an answering machine. Following the incident, it was not long until Gobbly followed the breadcrumb trail back to President Nixon and began orating the tale to the Post reporters, who he signaled by placing 3 bowler hats on his balcony. When asked to prove the collaboration he simply replied that he "proved it every night in that parking garage" and refused further comment on the matter. I think it's safe to say we have a new American Hero.

Gargoyle's Excellent Itinerary

by Anna S.

Here is Gargoyle's time tested time traveling bar-hopping routine. NOT for the faint of heart. Follow for a good time. [No sleep. Time travel machine. Club. Another club. Another club. Another club. No sleep.]

1975: Coffee at the Blind Pig

Gargoyle recommends starting your night off in 1975, at the Blind Pig, which functioned dually as a music venue and coffee shop.

A note from Gargoyle: DO NOT try to order anything with oat milk. They haven't been put onto it yet!!

1977: The Rubaiyat

Ann Arbor's first gay bar, frequented at the time by Madonna. You can drink the dairy-induced stomach ache away here.

A note from Gargoyle: Madonna hadn't released "Like a Prayer" the first time I visited this establishment... when I got back to the present, it had been heard all over the world. That's all I'll say.

1982: The Second Chance

This was a big year at *The Second Chance*, which has since been repurposed as Necto. BB King, of whom Garg is a big fan, played here in the main room (then called the Nectarine Ballroom - sound familiar?)

2000: Circus bar

Finish off the night here, with the comforting taste of cheap PBR and free popcorn. A circus-themed dive bar, this place looks camp right in the eye.

A note from Gargoyle: you don't have to order anything to get the popcorn. They'll just give it to you if you ask. They act weird about it after like the third or fourth bucket though.

1993
By Adam Krugel

SPORTSCENTER INSIDE SCOOP GARG V TYSON - THE WEIGH IN

SPECIAL EDITION

Gargoyle:

"I don't know what I did in the eighties. Actually wait, I should rephrase that. I don't remember what happened In the eighties. I know what I did; hella blow, and when that ran out I lived on the streets of any major U. S. city with concrete ledges gloomy enough to brood on. Chicago was my favorite, but in eighty-something, well, I can't quite exactly remember as a result of my substance use. It was the end of a legendary bender—my last to be exact—and then a few weeks later, hungover from Chicago's green river water, I woke up in ADX Florence. They thought I was dead, yet kept me locked up for a few weeks because I was "too dangerous to be let free" and "wanted to make sure I'd stay dead, if I was," whatever that means. Sheesh, I must've been out cold. After a few years I got out on good behavior, but I thought it was great behavior. It didn't last, they caught me exploiting my capable sphincter for extra cigarettes. This time they put me in Plainfield, a chill, quaint little correctional facility in Indiana. Now there's this new guy. They say he's got better behavior than me, but we'll see about that. He's only been here a year, but the warden cut him a deal that if he can beat me, he can walk out today. I don't think that Iron Mike knows what he's in for; I'm coming for both ears"

Tyson:

"MAAAAAAN I AM SO PHIRED UP! Thith fight is my rethurn. I'm gonna kick that thing'th ath back to the demon sthpawn hole where it came phrom!"

Garg Walked that day

Tyson Walked in '95

Illustrated by Graci Darland

Kevin McGargthy

by Sabrina Barnes

BREAKING! World-renowned playwright S. Atan presents his latest show: "Speaker your Mind" on the House floor.

Kevin McGargthy recaptures center stage. The harsh light of the camera glistens on his repulsive green skin, livestreaming him onto the computer screens of millions of drooling Democrats and Republicans rage-throwing their Nancy Pelosi voodoo dolls. McGargthy, nominated by Folorida's best and brightest, Matt Gaetz, is attempting to woo 434 of America's weird aunts and uncles by assuring total disorder and scheming, if elected. Congress is doubtful he'll deliver. McGargthy retorts, offended! He promises piranhas in water coolers, space lasers to disintegrate jaywalkers, and for all sex-ed to be conducted over Zoom by Ted Cruz and a nun of choice!

Republicans hyperventilate with applause. The nation's most detached frat has confirmed McGargthy! Democrats, however, do not notice; they have been sunbathing under the studio lights and colluding with hookers for the last three days.

Illustrated by Graci Darland

Here Lies Comedy

By Trey Norbey

Gargoyle @gargoyle09 · 19h

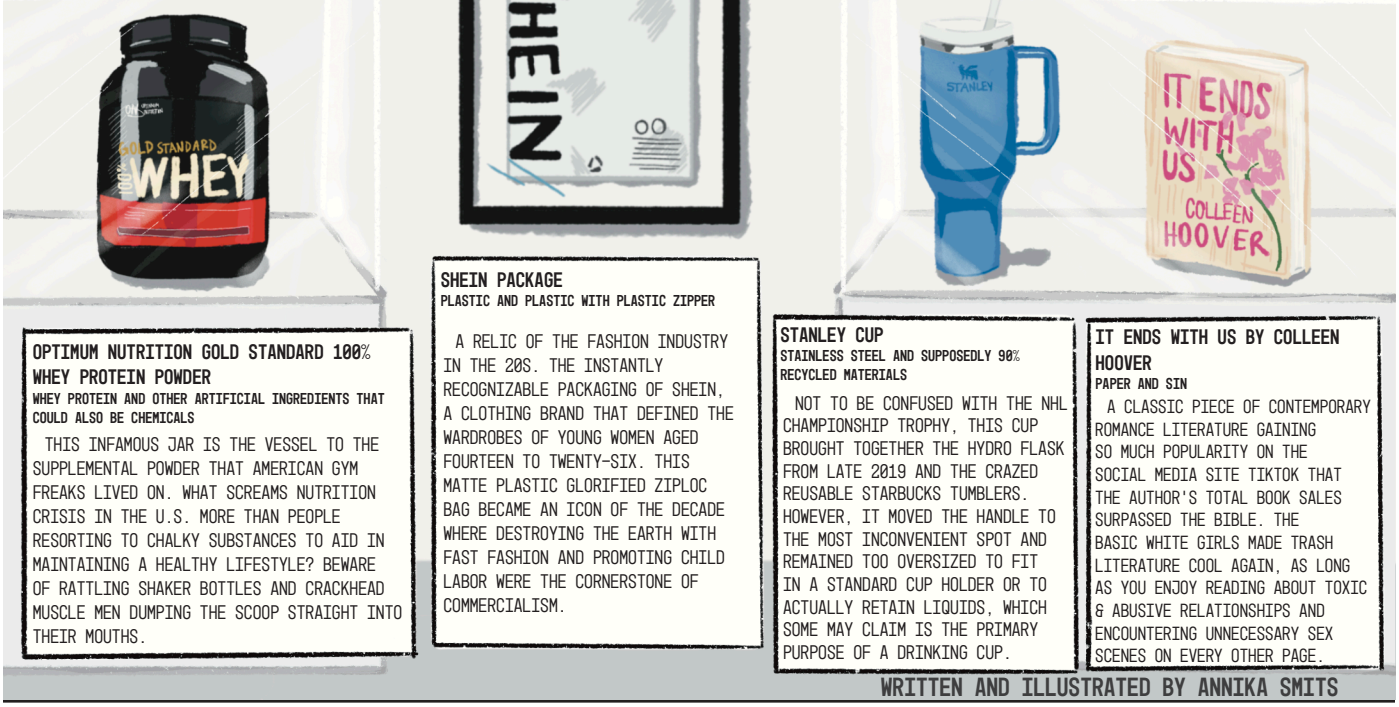
On one fateful day in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven A.D., thousands of innocent and unassuming University of Michigan students bore witness to the tragic and brutal murder of our dear friend, Comedy, at the hands of the founders of the Every Three Weekly. Started by a group of engineering majors (because we all know how hilarious they are), the publication would cause a steep and immediately noticeable decline in the morale of the student body. Said sophomore Willem Dafriend, when asked for comment, "I've never experienced something so cringe in my entire life, and I've been to open mic night at the Blind Pig!" Although the publication allegedly claimed their aims were to increase the amount of humour on our esteemed campus, it seems as though they were fated to do the opposite. And yet, inexplicably, they press forth, still valiantly producing new issues in line with their namesake schedule for hockey-goers to crumple up and leave under the bleachers. How inspiring.

132 6,951 35.9K 2M

Show this thread

Artifacts from 2023

EXCLUSIVE CENTENNIAL EXHIBIT PRESENTED BY THE NATIONAL GARGOYLE MUSEUM



OPTIMUM NUTRITION GOLD STANDARD 100% WHEY PROTEIN POWDER
WHEY PROTEIN AND OTHER ARTIFICIAL INGREDIENTS THAT COULD ALSO BE CHEMICALS

THIS INFAMOUS JAR IS THE VESSEL TO THE SUPPLEMENTAL POWDER THAT AMERICAN GYM FREAKS LIVED ON. WHAT SCREAMS NUTRITION CRISIS IN THE U.S. MORE THAN PEOPLE RESORTING TO CHALKY SUBSTANCES TO AID IN MAINTAINING A HEALTHY LIFESTYLE? BEWARE OF RATTLING SHAKER BOTTLES AND CRACKHEAD MUSCLE MEN DUMPING THE SCOOP STRAIGHT INTO THEIR MOUTHS.

SHEIN PACKAGE
PLASTIC AND PLASTIC WITH PLASTIC ZIPPER

A RELIC OF THE FASHION INDUSTRY IN THE 20S. THE INSTANTLY RECOGNIZABLE PACKAGING OF SHEIN, A CLOTHING BRAND THAT DEFINED THE WARDROBES OF YOUNG WOMEN AGED FOURTEEN TO TWENTY-SIX. THIS MATTE PLASTIC GLORIFIED ZIPLOC BAG BECAME AN ICON OF THE DECADE WHERE DESTROYING THE EARTH WITH FAST FASHION AND PROMOTING CHILD LABOR WERE THE CORNERSTONE OF COMMERCIALISM.

STANLEY CUP
STAINLESS STEEL AND SUPPOSEDLY 90% RECYCLED MATERIALS

NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE NHL CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY, THIS CUP BROUGHT TOGETHER THE HYDRO FLASK FROM LATE 2019 AND THE CRAZED REUSABLE STARBUCKS TUMBLERS. HOWEVER, IT MOVED THE HANDLE TO THE MOST INCONVENIENT SPOT AND REMAINED TOO OVERSIZED TO FIT IN A STANDARD CUP HOLDER OR TO ACTUALLY RETAIN LIQUIDS, WHICH SOME MAY CLAIM IS THE PRIMARY PURPOSE OF A DRINKING CUP.

IT ENDS WITH US BY COLLEEN HOOVER
PAPER AND SIN

A CLASSIC PIECE OF CONTEMPORARY ROMANCE LITERATURE GAINING SO MUCH POPULARITY ON THE SOCIAL MEDIA SITE TIKTOK THAT THE AUTHOR'S TOTAL BOOK SALES SURPASSED THE BIBLE. THE BASIC WHITE GIRLS MADE TRASH LITERATURE COOL AGAIN, AS LONG AS YOU ENJOY READING ABOUT TOXIC & ABUSIVE RELATIONSHIPS AND ENCOUNTERING UNNECESSARY SEX SCENES ON EVERY OTHER PAGE.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ANNIKA SMITS

Gargoyle Teaches History

By Mayee C.

The year is 2100. In a small capsule floating right above a former Kansas, Mr. Gargoyle prepares for another history lesson. The bell rings, and students pack into room 420.

GARGOYLE: Come in, come in. Now, welcome back students. In today's lesson, you'll learn of the outcome of the American Revolution.

STUDENT 1: Do the British win? I was really rooting for them all week. After all, I have a bet to win.

GARGOYLE: I have sad news for you, sadly the Americans won. *(gasps and whispers spread)*

STUDENT 1 *(frustrated)*: There's no way!

GARGOYLE: Yes, it's true. The air in which our capsule occupies was part of America.

STUDENT 2: Get a load of this guy. The next thing you'll tell us is that people fought over free labor. Like that's something to debate over.

GARGOYLE: Believe it or that's our next unit.

STUDENT 1: Mr. Gargoyle, I think you're just making all of this stuff up. Besides, you clearly wrote this textbook. Your face is everywhere!

GARGOYLE: Like I've said before, history is written by the victors. Now, would you all turn your books to page 7 to learn about the Declaration of Independence.

STUDENT 2 *(mumbles and grumbles)*: I'm about to declare my independence... phony historian.

SENIOR FAREWELLS

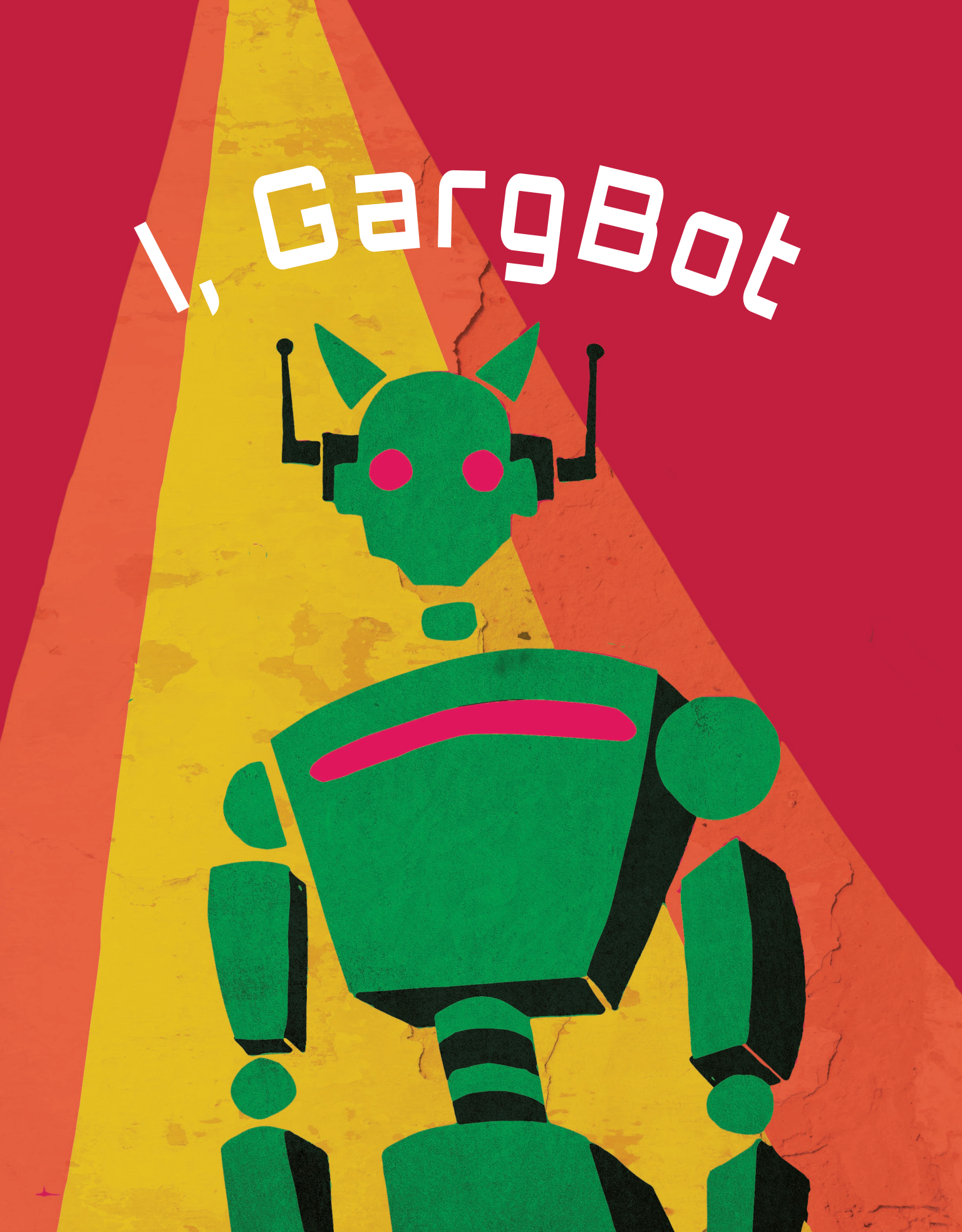
I arrived at the Garg as I do with everything else in life: late. Even this farewell was submitted late. But, nevertheless, I wish to say goodbye to our readers. I've only spent one short year as a part of Gargoyle, but what a hell of a time it's been. In my own personal opinion I'm a pretty funny person, but there were definitely many times while writing articles that I questioned that. As a lesson, you can be quick-witted and yet completely unable to get past writer's block.

Even if my jokes didn't always land, and even if I didn't contribute nearly as much as I probably could have, I had a great time with the Garg. Never before had I been part of a group of people who shared the same humor and always seemed to be one step ahead of me in their jokes. It was great! A second shared mindset that I appreciated was our combined hatred and constant disses on many things, but that is simply because, at my core, I am a hater.

The writing is on the wall, and I can deny my inevitable departure from UM and Gargoyle no longer, but that doesn't mean I won't miss it. So here is one final goodbye to some of the parts I will miss most (in no particular order):

Goodbye office decor that is in poor taste! Goodbye to the posters, the porn, and the possibly problematic toys scattered about! Goodbye to the writers, the artists, and the masterminds of comedy who make up this magazine! Goodbye framed promo poster for Whore 2, and the Sesame Street Fever album as well! Goodbye to the stacks and stacks and stacks and stacks of old issues taking up more space than they should! Goodbye to the couches I decided to never not sit on during meetings! Goodbye to the Gargoyle, o' beloved humor magazine, may you be forever in my heart, and also probably forever haunting my dreams.

-Arielle

Bye Gautham -<3, Garg Staff

I, GargBot